

THE F. B. I. — SCOTLAND YARD — NORTHWEST MOUNTED — SECRET SERVICE !

MANHUNT

NO. 11

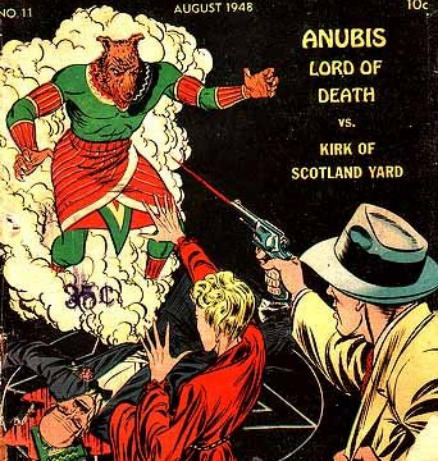
AUGUST 1948

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ANUBIS
LORD OF
DEATH

VS.

KIRK OF
SCOTLAND YARD





WEB COMIC
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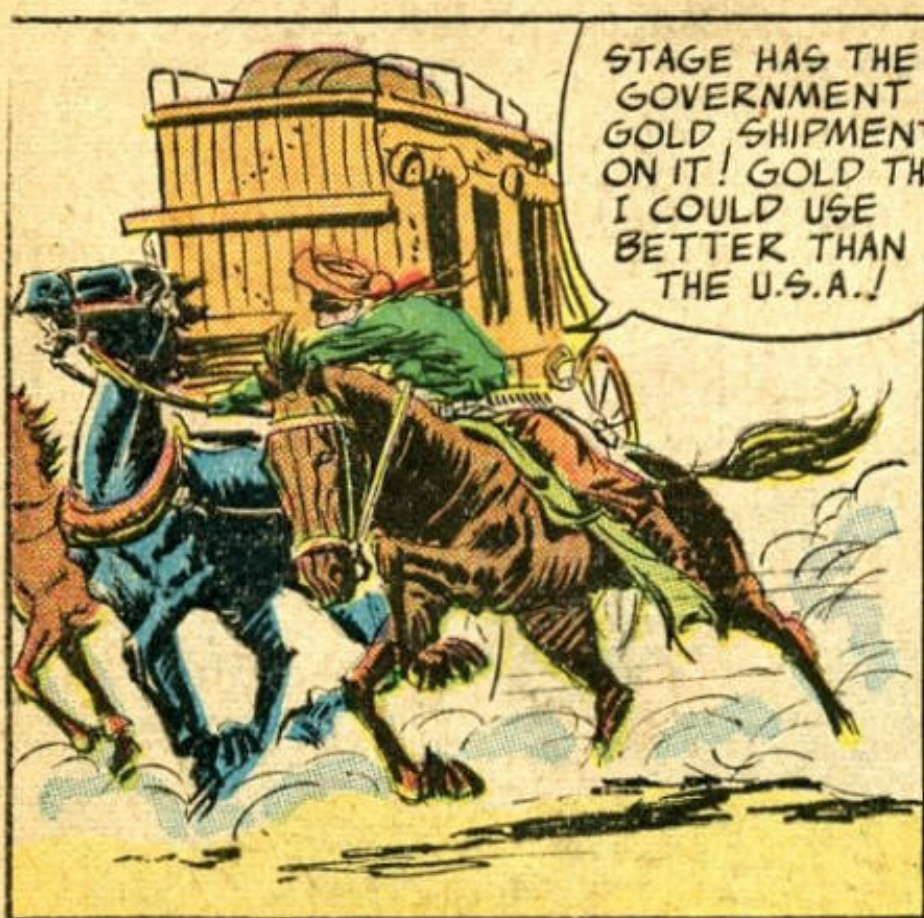
"Trail" COLT

U.S. MARSHAL

Fritz..

THE FILES OF THE FEDERAL MARSHALS WHO ENFORCED THE LAW ON THE FRONTIERS OF THE OLD WEST ARE FILLED WITH SAGAS OF CLEVER GUNMEN... BUT NOWHERE IS THERE ANY MENTION OF A MAN MORE CLEVER THAN THE ONE "TRAIL" COLT WAS ORDERED TO FIND AND BRING IN, DEAD OR ALIVE... THE MAN CALLED...
"THE ROBBER OF RAINBOW BUTTES!"

A FEW MILES SOUTH OF THE PECOS RIVER, BULLETS WHINE AS THE OVERLAND STAGE COACH CAREENS WILDLY ACROSS THE PRAIRIE...!



STAGE HAS THE GOVERNMENT GOLD SHIPMENT ON IT! GOLD THAT I COULD USE BETTER THAN THE U.S.A.!



WHEN YUH GET 'EM ALL OUT, PUT 'EM IN THE GUNNYSACKS! AN' DO IT PRONTO!

I'M HURRYIN' ALL I KIN!

MANHUNT

POUNDING HOOFBEATS IN THE DISTANCE! A DETAIL OF U.S. CAVALRY SENT OUT TO PATROL THE COACH ROUTE...



I GOT NO HANKERIN' TO TANGLE WITH THE BLUE-COATS!

ACROSS THE FLAT, DUSTY PLAINS, THE CHASE CONTINUES...

HE'S RIGHT UP AHEAD! WE'RE CLOSIN' IN ON HIM! HE'S TURNIN' INTO RAINBOW BUTTES!



RAINBOW BUTTES! WHERE NATURE WENT MAD AND SPLASHED A POTPOURRI OF COLORS ACROSS MESA CLIFFS AND CANYON WALLS...

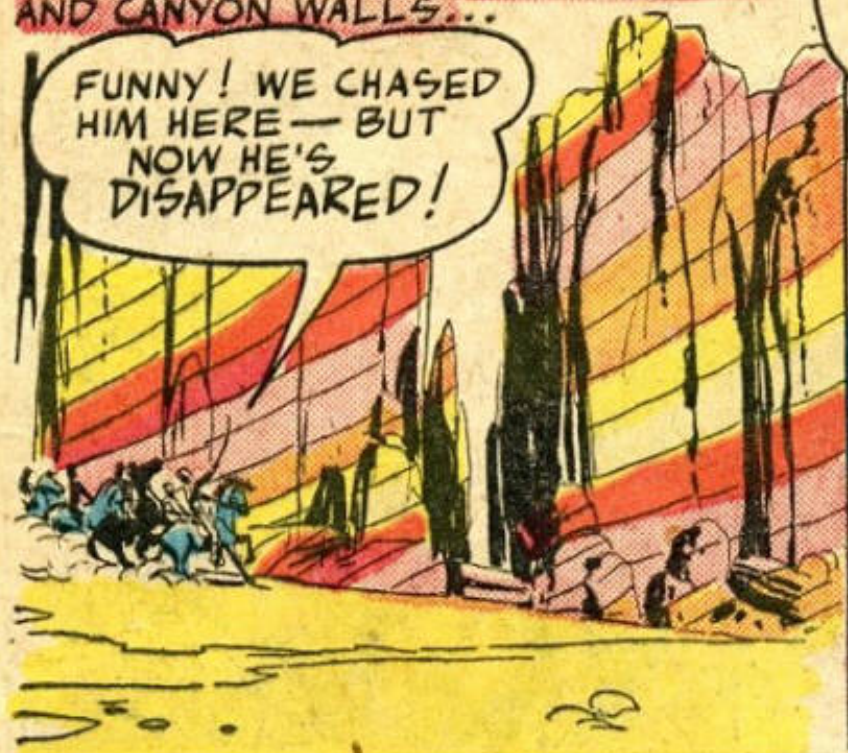
THAT'S HOW THE RAINBOW ROBBER ALWAYS GETS AWAY! LEADS US A CHASE TO THESE BUTTES... AND FADES INTO THIN AIR!

SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE TERRITORIAL GOVERNOR'S OFFICE...

FUNNY! WE CHASED HIM HERE — BUT NOW HE'S DISAPPEARED!

COLT, THE CHIEF MARSHAL RECOMMENDED YOU! I'M SENDING YOU AFTER THE RAINBOW ROBBER! THOSE GOLD ROBBERIES MUST STOP!

I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!

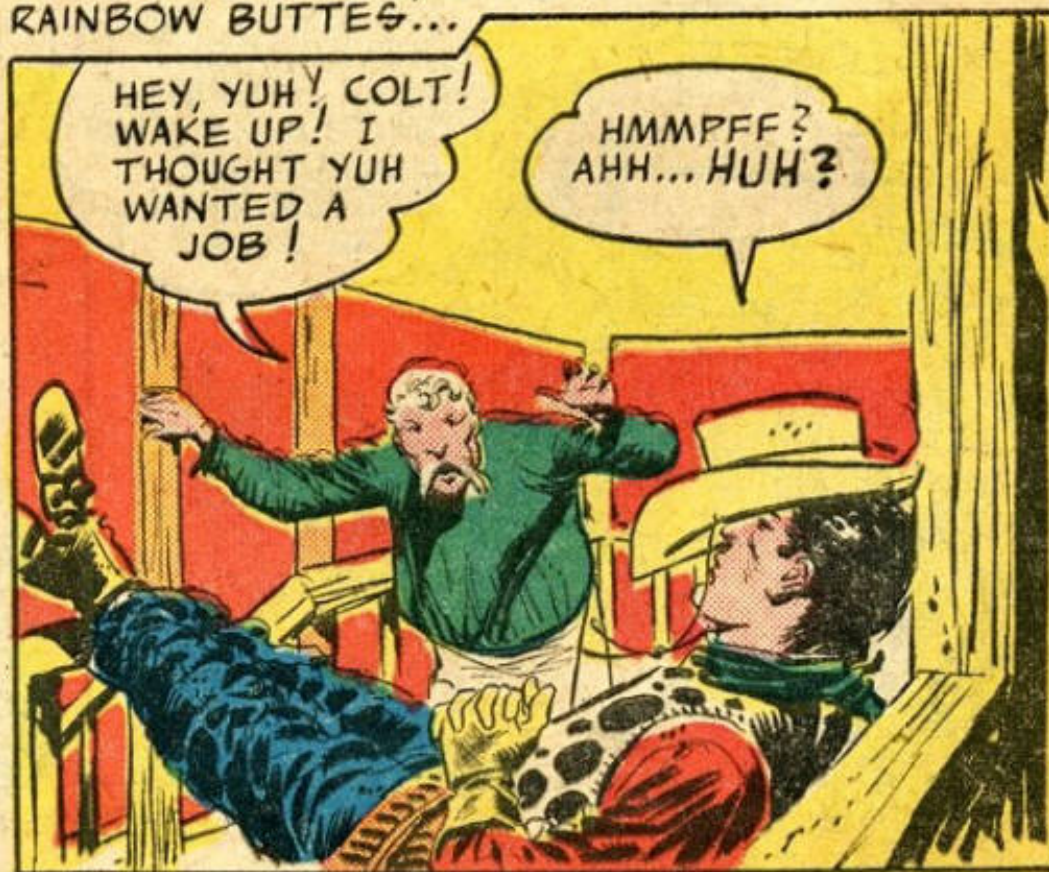


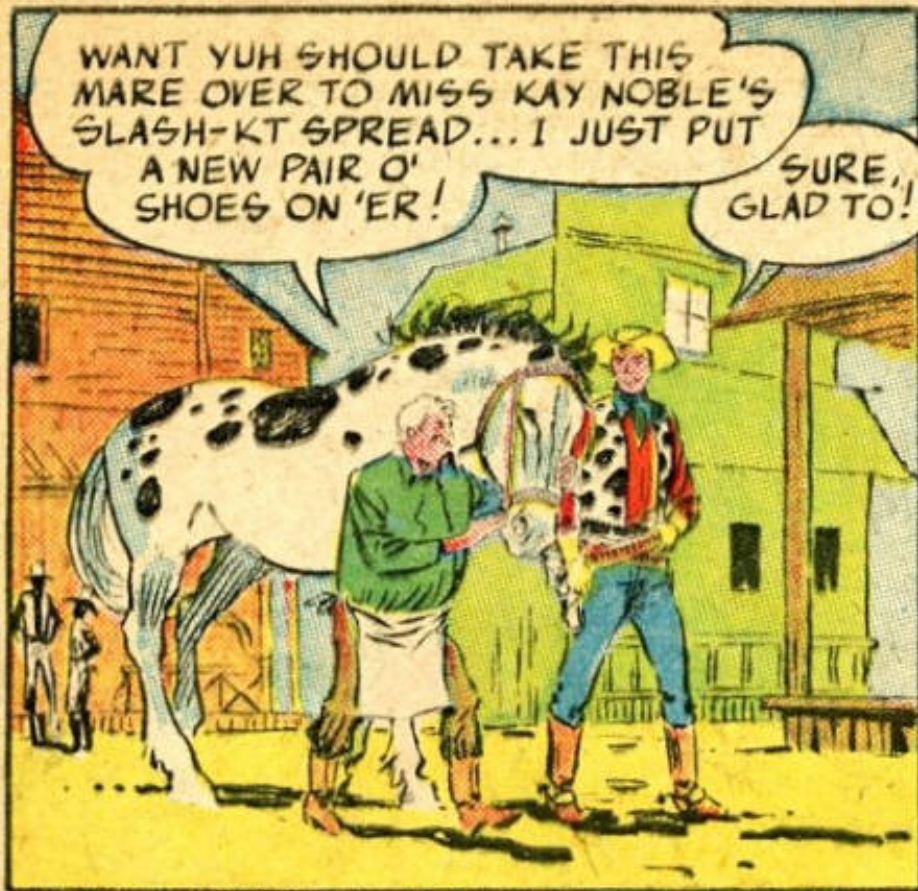
RECKON THE BEST WAY TO SKIN THAT SNAKE'D BE TO GO INTO THE BUTTES AS A COWHAND LOOKING FOR WORK! THEN I'LL TRAIL THE STAGE WHEN IT LEAVES...

TWO DAYS LATER, IN THE LITTLE COW TOWN OF RAINBOW BUTTES...

HEY, YUH! COLT! WAKE UP! I THOUGHT YUH WANTED A JOB!

HMPFF? AHH... HUH?





WANT YUH SHOULD TAKE THIS MARE OVER TO MISS KAY NOBLE'S SLASH-KT SPREAD... I JUST PUT A NEW PAIR O' SHOES ON 'ER!

SURE, GLAD TO!

AT THE SLASH-KT



WHY, YES! THIS IS MY HORSE... A BEAUTY, ISN'T SHE?

SURE IS, MA'AM! WELL, RECKON I'LL BE GETTIN' BACK TO TOWN... MEBBE FIND A JOB BACK THERE WAITIN' FOR ME!



JOB? WHY, I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MEN TO WORK ON MY SPREAD! ER— THAT IS—

YOU HAVE? THEN I'M YOUR MAN... GO ON, MISS... WHAT ARE YOU STOPPIN' FOR?



I'LL TELL YUH, STRANGER! ME AN' MISS KAY IS GETTIN' HITCHED BY THE SKY PILOT! I DON'T LIKE MEN HANGIN' AROUND HERE!

BRAD DURRET! THAT'S A BALD-FACED LIE!



YUH HEARD ME, STRANGER! HIGHTAIL IT— PRONTO!

RECKON I LIKE IT HERE, DURRET! I'M STAYIN'!



YUH'LL SEE I MEAN IT WHEN I—

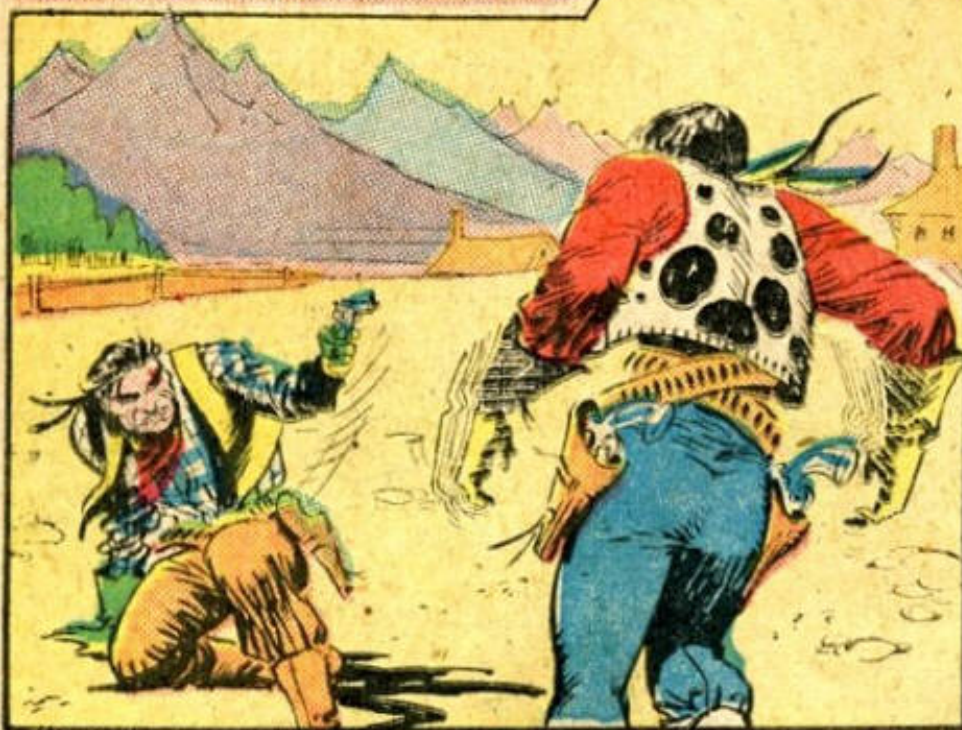
MEBBE I'M NOT SUCH A GOOD PUPIL, DURRET!



YIII!

RECKON YOUR BULLYING TACTICS ARE GOING PLUMB OUT O' STYLE RIGHT SHORTLY!

AS HE REELS BACK, BRAD DURRET CLEARS LEATHER WITH HIS .44! TRAIL COLT'S HANDS BLURR AS HE GOES FOR HIS SIXES IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH!



WITH A DRAW THAT NEVER HAS BEEN BEATEN, THE U.S. MARSHAL LUNGES SIDEWAYS TO AVOID BRAD DURRET'S FIRE... AND BLASTS HIS .44 FROM HIS NERVELESS FINGERS!



YOU'VE MADE AN ENEMY, TRAIL!

RECKON I'M PROUD TO CALL AN HOMBRE LIKE THAT AN ENEMY! HE GALLS ME!

AS THE DAYS WEAR ON, TRAIL SLIPS INTO A COWHAND'S JOB WITH THE EASE OF OLD PRACTICE... BUT—THE SECRET MANHUNT IS STILL ON! TRAIL PATROLS THE RANGES BUT THE RAINBOW ROBBER "LAYS LOW" AND THEN—ONE DAY, IN TOWN TO PICK UP SUPPLIES, HE BUYS A COPY OF THE TOMBSTONE EPITAPH...



SHIVERIN' SAGEHENS! THE OVERLAND'S CARRYING THE GOVERNMENT GOLD SHIPMENT AND AN EXTRA SHIPMENT FOR A LOCAL BANK! THAT'S A SETUP THE RAINBOW ROBBER WILL GO FOR!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE SLASH-KT RANCH...



RECKON YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME FOR A DAY OR TWO, MISS KAY... I—ER—HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

WHY, ALL RIGHT, TRAIL... IF YOU SAY SO...

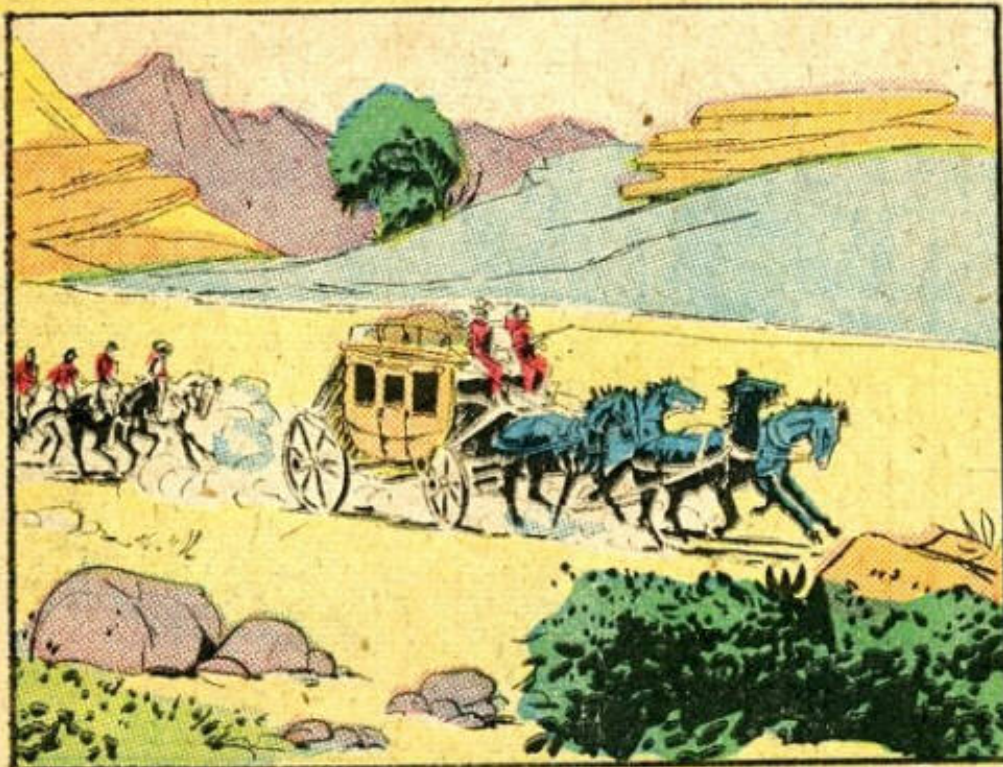
THE RAINBOW ROBBER ALWAYS STRIKES SOMEWHERE NEAR THE BUTTES... RECKON THERE WON'T BE ANY EXCEPTION THIS TIME!

I'LL BE THERE BY DAWN!

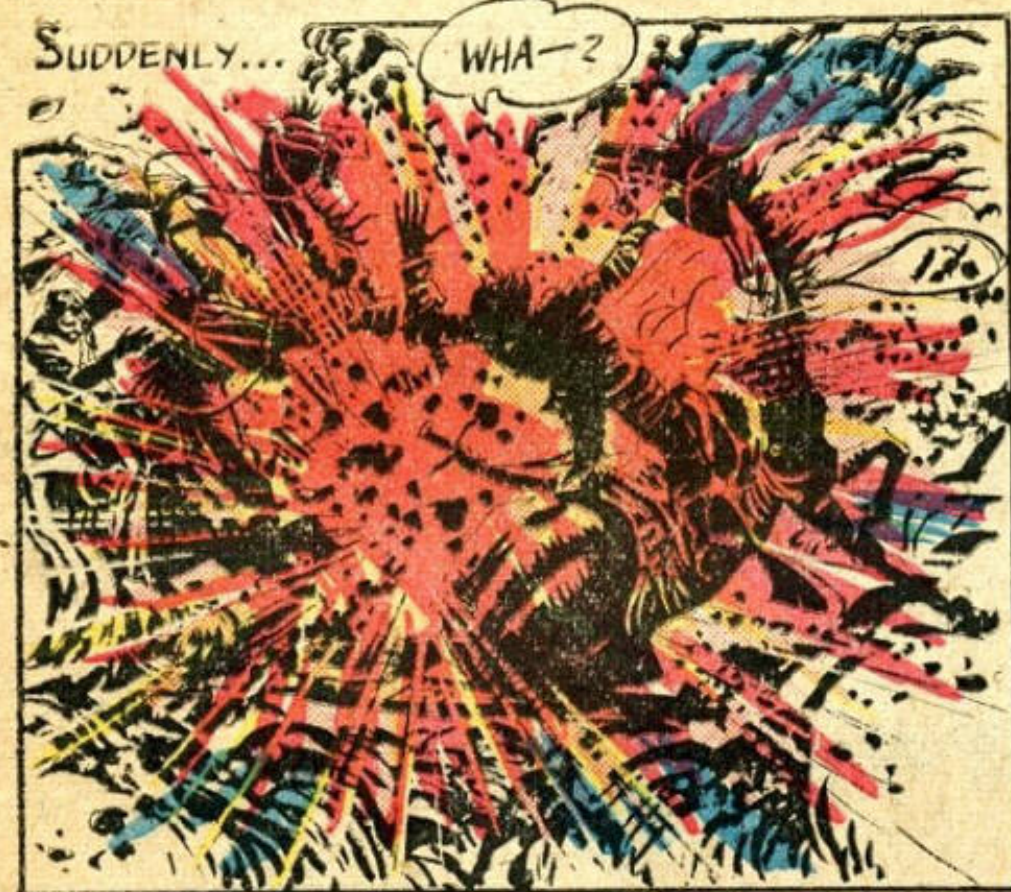


MANHUNT

AS THE BLAZING SUN RISES HIGHER AND HIGHER, THE OVERLAND STAGE SWINGS AROUND A BEND, ESCORTED BY A SMALL PATROL OF REGULAR CAVALRY...



HUH! RECKON THOSE GUARDS WILL SCARE OFF THE RAINBOW ROBBER!



SUDDENLY...

WHA—?

HE PLANTED DYNAMITE WHERE THE STAGE WOULD PASS! HE MUST'VE BLOWN THE CAVALRY MEN TO BITS —THE YELLOW COYOTE!

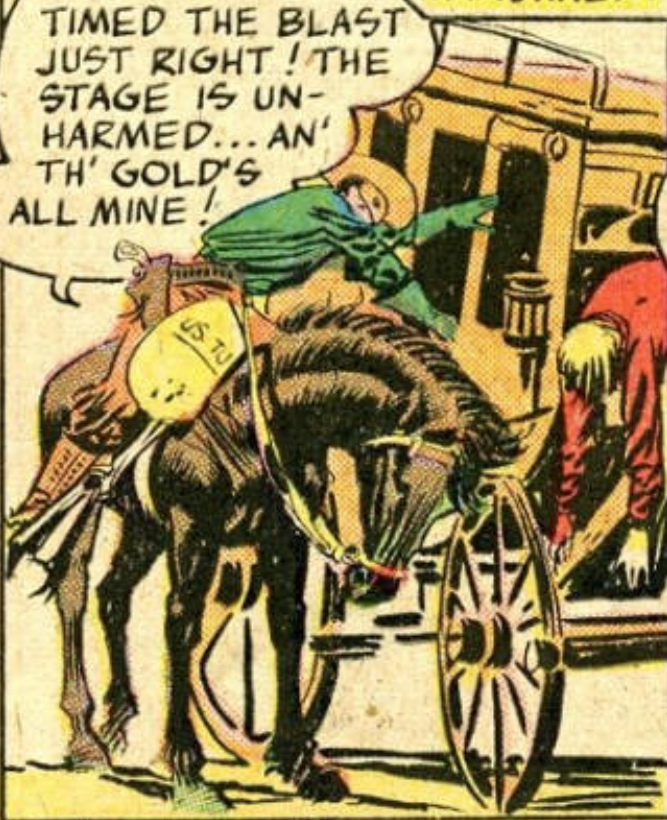


GO GET 'IM COWPOKE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THESE BOYS!

I SURE WILL GET HIM! I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS!

UP AHEAD OF THE RACING U.S. MARSHAL...

TIMED THE BLAST JUST RIGHT! THE STAGE IS UN-HARMED... AN' TH' GOLD'S ALL MINE!



THUNDERING HOOFB-EATS WARN THE MASKED GUNMAN...

TH' IDJUT! DOES HE RECKON ONE MAN CAN CAPTURE ME?



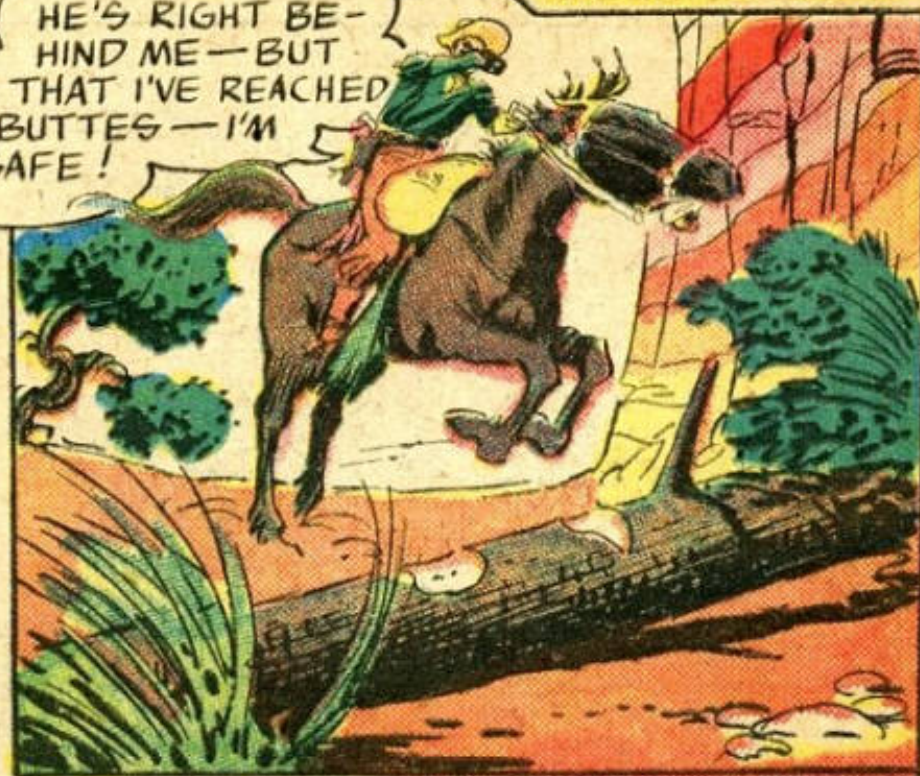
MANHUNT

ACROSS THE CACTI-STUDDED PRAIRIE THE CHASE CONTINUES! SLOWLY THE GIANT BLACK STALLION, MIDNIGHT, GAINS...

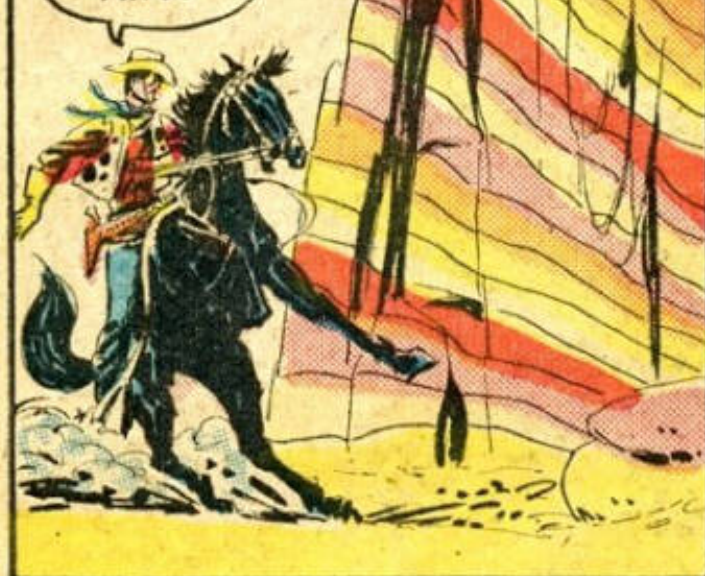


UNDER THE HANGING LIMB ROCK AND SHRUBS OF RAINBOW BUTTES, FLASHES THE MASKED GUNMAN...

HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME—BUT NOW THAT I'VE REACHED THE BUTTES—I'M SAFE!



WELL, I'LL BE ROPED AND BRANDED! HE SEEMS TO HAVE DISAPPEARED RIGHT INTO THIN AIR!



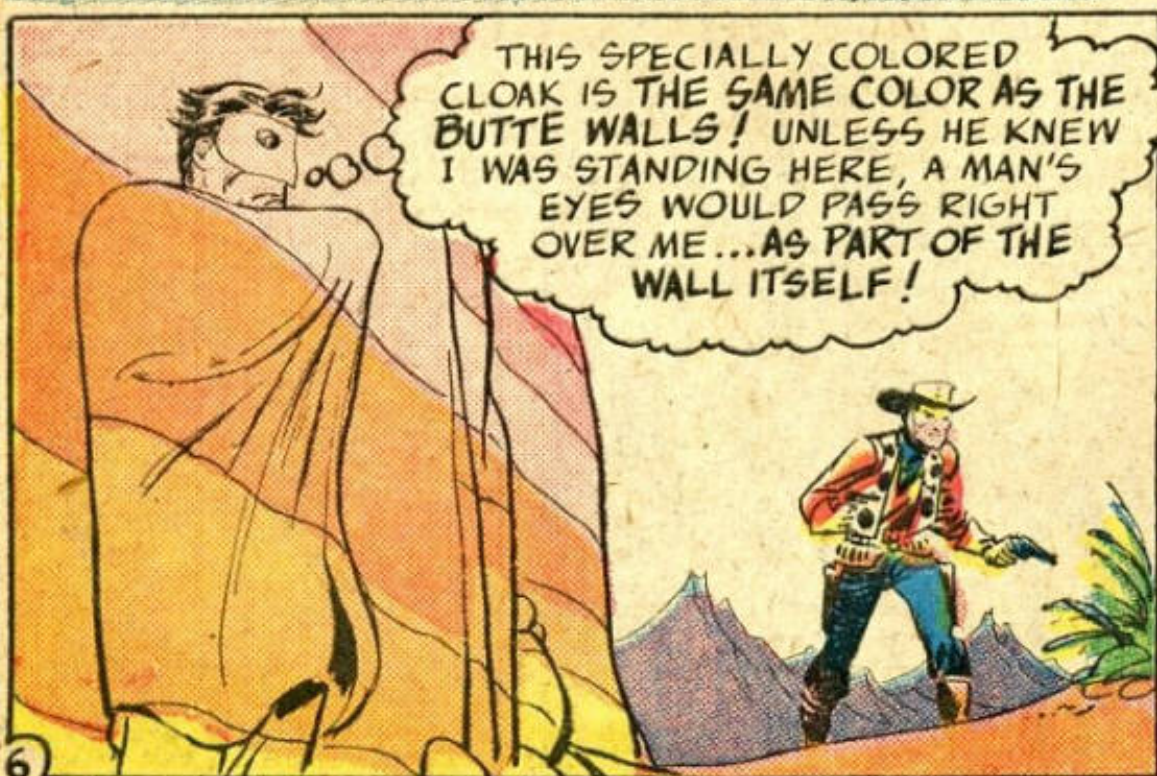
THESE BUTTES ARE LIKE A LABYRINTH! THEY'RE HONEYCOMBED AND TWISTY! RECKON I'LL MAKE BETTER TIME ON FOOT! AND MEBBE—SEE MORE!



HE COULD'VE HIDDEN HIS TRACKS BY DRAGGIN' A LARIAT BEHIND HIM... BUT WHEN HE HIT THE BUTTES...WHAT'D HE DO TO MAKE HIMSELF INVISIBLE?



THE U.S. MARSHAL WALKS SLOWLY FORWARD, UNAWARE THAT A STRANGELY CLAD FIGURE STARES DOWN AT HIM WITH EYES THAT ARE FILLED WITH COLD, HARD HATE!



THIS SPECIALLY COLORED CLOAK IS THE SAME COLOR AS THE BUTTE WALLS! UNLESS HE KNEW I WAS STANDING HERE, A MAN'S EYES WOULD PASS RIGHT OVER ME...AS PART OF THE WALL ITSELF!

RAINBOW ROBBER LIFTS HIS GUN, DRAWS BACK THE HAMMER...

RECKON I CAN KILL TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE HERE...!

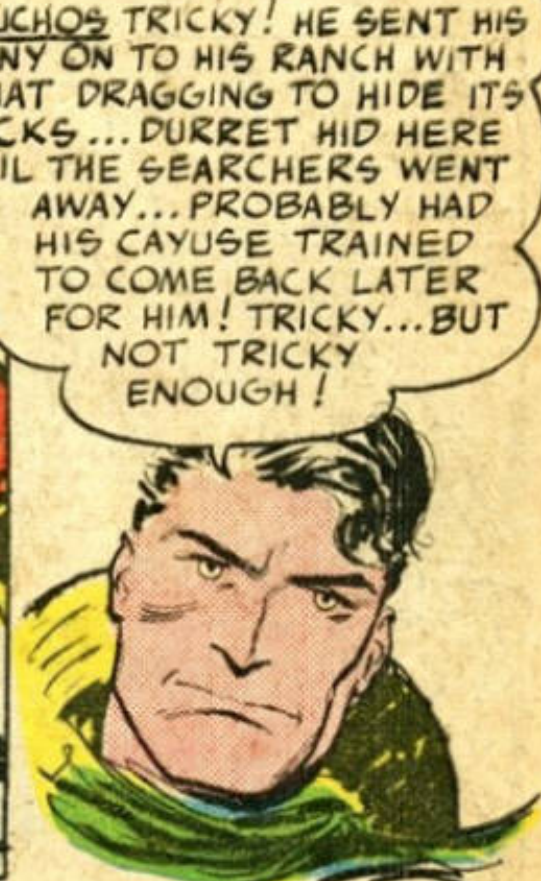


MANHUNT

THE WARNING CLICK OF THE COCKING GUN WHIRLS TRAIL AROUND, GUNS LEAP FORTH...



TWIN POINTS OF FLAME THUNDER AT TRAIL! A HEAVY SLUG RIPS INTO HIS LEG! HE TOPPLES FORWARD... BUT NOT BEFORE HIS KEEN EYES AT LAST DISCERN HIS ENEMY!



ONE WEEK LATER, AT THE SLASH-KT RANCH...

